This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind who wooes,
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dewe dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute, on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?
1. When good manners ſhall he all in one or two mens hands
And they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and
Nell, Anthonie and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy

2. I boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and
the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely bo
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Enter all the gueſts and gentlewomen to th
Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with yo
Ah my miſteſſes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, ſhe that makes daintie,
She Ile ſwear hath Corns: am I come neare ye now
Welcome gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Muſitions play
Muſick playes and they dance.
A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing dayes:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirtie yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo m
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirtie.
1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

Ro